

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

[JULY 1, 1894.]



YOUNG PATRIOTS.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE SKY FAIRIES.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.



WAY, way, way up in the sky, there is the goldenest of golden palaces. It has been there—how long a time do you think? Ever since the earth was made, and how much longer I cannot tell.

You have all seen it; you can see it any pleasant day. If there is a light mist in the air, you can see it all the better, for it is so very bright it hurts one's eyes to take more than a wink at it.

Ah! now you all know that it is the beautiful sun-palace that I am talking about.

You have wondered about the people who live in the star-worlds, and you have often seen the man in the moon. Did you ever wonder who lived in the sun-palace?

Father Light and Mother Heat live there. They have more children than the distracted mother who lived in a shoe. Indeed, there are so many they cannot be counted. They are little sunbeams, children of the sun. I think they must have the best of care, for they are always thriving and happy, and as bright as bright can be.

How delightful it would be if all the earth-children were little sunbeams!

I will tell you a few of the names of the sunbeams: Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Purple, Orange,

Yellow, and Red. There are many of the same name, just as among the earth-children there are many Johns and Marys, Lizzies, Maggies, Franks, and Charlies.

Now, early every morning, these merry sunbeams stand a-tiptoe at the windows and doors of the great palace. The instant it appears above the horizon, out they dart, like so many golden arrows, and down they come, pushing their golden ladders before them, until they find a resting-place.

Think of a ladder miles and miles and miles long! Would n't it surpass the finest toboggan that ever was made?

Some of the sunbeams rest their ladders on the mountain-tops, and some on the tree-tops, while

some slide down, down to the green meadows. You will find them dancing in the brooks, and peeping into the flower-cups, and kissing the cheeks of the earth-children, who come out to play with them. Indeed, they make so bold as to push their golden ladders right through your window. Then down they glide, and begin to dance about, and to smile so brightly that you awake, and rub your eyes, and smile back at them.

Wherever the merry sunbeams go, everybody and everything begin to smile and look happy. You see how delightful it would be if you all were sunbeams.

If you feel at all doubtful about it, go out some pleasant morning, and look around, and see if everything is not twinkling and dancing and singing in the brightest and happiest kind of way.

And is that all they do,—dance and shine the livelong day?

My dears, just you try it for yourselves, and see if that is n't about enough for a sunbeam to do. The dancing is going where they are bid, merrily; and the shining is doing what they are bid, smilingly. Just you try it!

There comes the splendid sun-palace now, and out dart the sun-fairies from every window in the great palace. Down they fall in a twinkling. It never hurts sunbeams to fall; they like it.

There comes a whole party of Purples, Violets, Indigos, Blues, Oranges, Yellows, Reds, Greens, and many others. They all look alike now, all look like Yellows, because there are so many more Yellows in the party they outshine all the rest. But wait until that funny fellow Prism comes along, and then they will separate, and you can see each one.

Long before the first sunbeam steps out of the palace, the birds begin to sing for joy, for the sentinel star has told them the sunbeams are near. Now that they have arrived, it seems as though they would split their throats for delight.

Here goes a little company down to the meadow, to unlock the brooks. Jolly old Winter may laugh at them, and shake his keys in their faces, and send along his rough and bluff son March, to blow them away; but they only keep on smiling. They melt the locks and bars quite into bits, and the brooks leap up into the arms of the sunbeams, as glad and happy as they.

Such a chase the brooks lead the sunbeams, as they hurry down through the meadow, under the road, and through the wood, to tell the glad tidings the birds have been singing before them!

And here is another little group kneeling close to the ground, and sending down kisses to the daisies and buttercups. What happens then? Why, they wake up and shake off their blankets, and climb up to the green and gold world over their heads. And then the sunbeams give the buttercup a yellow frock and the daisy a white frill.

Oh, but they have more work than that to do! There are many dark places, where the earth-children live, to light up, and many cold places to warm.

Here go some of them now, to visit a dingy little basement window, to hold poor little Miss Geranium in their loving arms, and kiss her cheeks into a brighter red.

Two or three of them climb to the attic where little sick Bennie is waiting for the sunbeams to come and play with him.

There's poor mother Morey having the "blues," because she has no work and no money, and is cold and hungry. Down the sunbeams tumble right into her lap, and smile up at her with all their might, and never stop until she smiles back.

At the same time, some more of them are dancing over landlord Thompson's face, and warming his back, and making his shoes shine, and taking the stiffness out of his joints. "Heigh-ho!" he cries, stretching out his fingers in the pleasant sunshine, "I must n't be hard on mother Morey, I sup-

pose. This has been a severe winter. I think I will look in and see how she is getting along."

Here are some of the fairies laughing at a cross-looking boy, who is stamping his feet down hard at every step, and frowning at everything he sees. He does not want to go to school.

How the fairies laugh and dance about him! Soon you will hear him whistling, and next he will be running a race with the sunbeams.

You see the sunbeams, by their smiling and their dancing, make everybody and everything grow,—grow up, and grow strong, and grow happy. And everything and everybody that does that grows beautiful. Just you try it.

And by and by the sun-palace has swung to the other side of the sky, and is going down out of sight. Then for a merry chase up the golden ladders to see who will get there first. Then you will see them—Violet, and Red, and Yellow, and Blue—smiling in the sky, and on the clouds, and smiling down a sweet good-night to you. Then they all run into the palace, and palace and all are gone until another day.

Now what do you suppose the sunbeams do when a big, black cloud hides them? Do they stop shining?

Not a bit of it. They have a merry dance on the big cloud, and dance it to pieces, when they tumble through and slide down their long, long golden ladders to earth again.

Sometimes the big cloud is so thick it will not be danced away. Then the sunbeams watch for a thin place, and break a hole through, and peep down to tell you they are there.

Sometimes, toward sunset, you will see a whole row of the sunbeams looking over the edge of a big, black cloud. They are smiling a good-night to you, and telling you they will come again to-morrow.

No matter how dark or stormy the day, you may be sure the sun-fairies are on the other side, with the sun-palace and all the pleasant weather, and you may be sure they will come down to you again as soon as ever they can.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

For Every Other Sunday.

NEVER FAILETH.

BY MARTHA F. BLANCHARD.

WHITE and brown, under scorching sun,
Lie the summer grasses dead;
Never a shoot nor tip of green,
Over the crumbling sod is seen,
And they spring not from one's tread;
Their lives' short span is run.

A cloud comes over the summer sky;
The gentle rains down fall;
Trickle they softly dry roots between;
Behold, the old, old miracle seen!
At Nature's loving call,
That lives that seemed to die.

The roots of good in a wayward heart,
Lie sun-scorched, dry, and dead,
Love bends its head with a pitying sigh;
Behold, that lives that seemed to die!
At the tender word low-spoken,
Life's green shoots upward dart.

If liberty with law is fire on the hearth, liberty without law is fire on the floor.

HILLARD.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW LILY DAYTON WAS "MADE AN EXAMPLE."

In Two Parts. — Part II.

BY M. A. DEANE.



MEANWHILE, Lily Dayton was wending her slow way through the dusty streets to her little room,—her haven of rest and peace. She was disturbed by the feeling, rather than the knowledge, that she was being made the subject of unjust criticism among her fellow-pupils. It had cost her much pain to be obliged to decline contributing toward the gifts for the teachers; but her funds were absolutely exhausted.

This last year of school had been one of severe labor and care to this truly noble girl; and though it was leaving her almost penniless, its record of attainment and success was one of which the most ambitious and aspiring student might well be proud.

And now, though feeling herself in disrepute, or perhaps even in disgrace, with her associates in school, she was upborne by a consciousness of right, which is better than the praise of the world. She was not all unhappy; she had "meat to eat which they knew not of."

Early in her second year of school she had formed a strong attachment for a dear little blind girl, Adele Van Dorn, the daughter of an artist, who had his studio next door to Madame De Laney's. Adele was a very affectionate, loving child, but so sensitive and shrinking, and with a child's instinct of discernment so strongly developed, in spite of her blindness, that she gave her confidence but seldom, though there were many who were more or less attentive to the little blind girl. Those who knew them both could well understand, then, how her whole heart went out to Lily Dayton from the first moment of their acquaintance, and how, after weeks and months of loving companionship, each seemed indispensable to the other.

The artist, being a man of quick apprehension and ~~thin~~ sensibilities, understood this friendship, and appreciated its advantage to his little daughter. He saw that Lily was of great service to her in many ways; and as some compensation for this service, he offered to give her lessons in painting, and to furnish the necessary materials for her work. To his great astonishment, he found her so highly endowed by Nature and so proficient a learner that he was able, after a few months, to dispose of her pictures at a fair price.

But with this new source of income to Lily came new demands upon her generous helpfulness. Learning from the home letters that her father's health was failing, and consequently his income diminishing, she formed the heroic resolution to lift the mortgage which, though small, was threatening more and more the safety of the dear little home. To resolve, with such natures as hers, is to perform. Laboring incessantly through the last year, she had kept up with her classes, even greatly excelling in some of her studies, and earned by her painting sufficient money for this cherished object.

She had just returned from the express office, where she had deposited the precious package, when Millie Wharton met her in the hall and solicited her contribution. Of course, there was but one answer, however reluctant she might be to give it. She could not help seeing the look of amazement in Millie's face as she turned away from her, nor could she crush in a moment the rebellious feeling which rose in her heart as she contrasted her lot with that of her wealthy fellow-students; but it was soon conquered, and she was her old self again, thanking God for the health and strength which enabled her to pursue her toilsome way, and for the rich reward of her labor, which she knew no money could buy.

There was left, however, after this momentary struggle with herself was over, a real regret down deep in her heart, which made her face thoughtful and her step slow as she walked homeward that day. It was not that she had infringed a time-honored custom, not that her companions should think her niggardly, but that she could not offer to her teachers some substantial token of her love for them, which was deep and sincere.

Suddenly a thought came to her which was like an inspiration, bringing a soft glow to her cheeks, and lending wings to her feet. She sped along the remainder of her way so swiftly that the poor old apple-woman on the last corner stood with arms akimbo and a look of wonder on her bronzed face, watching the familiar figure till it reached home, and disappeared through the area gate.

The Commencement exercises in Mrs. W——'s school were drawing to a close. It was hot and sultry, and the audience was tired.

All at once there was a movement of expectation, a more animated fluttering of fans, and a new interest beaming in every face. The "award of prizes" had been announced. There were many parents present who felt an anxiety which is quite pardonable that some of these prizes might be bestowed upon their children. Most of these were, of course, doomed to disappointment.

The prize for composition and the prize for drawing were both awarded to a sweet-looking young lady, in a plain brown dress, who received her honors so meekly, and yet so gracefully, as to command the admiration of all.

The other prizes being duly distributed, a new sensation ensued; the presentation of diplomas was next in order. The class comported itself well during this trying ordeal, and made a very good impression, nobody in all the large audience seeming to feel scandalized by the presence of the "brown dress" or the "faded tie" in the place of honor at the head of the class. On the contrary, there seemed to be a tacit admission on the part of the assembly that the modest owner of this plain suit was occupying her true place.

If anything was needed to confirm this view, it might have been gleaned from the closing words of Mrs. W——'s address of thanks, which immediately followed the presentation of gifts to the teachers.

After suitable acknowledgments to the young ladies who had lavished upon them so many costly and valuable tributes of respect and love, she continued, "But nothing has given us greater pleasure than the unexpected gift to her *alma mater* by one of our graduates of the beautiful painting which you see hanging above the stage, and which I have no doubt you have all greatly admired.

"It is the work of her own hands, done, as I understand, at the eleventh hour and under great pressure, because she had no money to contribute to the gift-fund of her class. Estimated by its own artistic merit, it is a valuable gift to the institution; but considered as the exponent of so much self-forgetfulness and devotion, as the measure of a true heart's love for the 'mother in training,' it is priceless; and so long as these walls shall stand, it must remain as a memorial of her."

So this was the way Lily Dayton was "made an example."

For Every Other Sunday.

TIPTOES.

BY NELLIE A. PRIEST.

I HAVE a little kitty,
Her name is Tiptoes;
She has dainty white feet
And a jet black nose.

All the mischief she does
I have not time to tell;
But she drank all the milk
Had been saved for little Nell;

She got into the cradle,
With my darling dolly, Bess;
She tore her hair and bit her hand
And soiled her pretty dress.

But she is a pretty kitty,
So white, and sleek, and fat.
One day I found her, sound asleep,
Right in my papa's hat.

I scolded her a little
For such a naughty thing;
But to-day she caught a robin,
And broke its little wing.

She plays till she is tired,
And then she goes to sleep,
Looking so snug and happy,
Curled up all in a heap.

Whether she's good or naughty,
I love her just the same.
She is my precious kitty,
And "Tiptoes" is her name.

*Give me liberty to know, to think, to believe, and
to utter freely, according to conscience, above all
other liberties.*

MILTON.

For Every Other Sunday.

BEAUTY AND USE—A PARABLE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

AN apple-tree had got its fruit formed, and was having a good time in the garden, waiting what the days would bring, when the rose-bush near by put forth its buds, and looking to the apple-tree, began to talk in a neighborly way.

It seemed at first as though the wind had all the conversation as it played around both, and stirred their leaves; but you could hear the rose-bush, a little vain thing, saying:—

"I begin to feel like my real self to-day. I cannot bear to be homely and have nothing fine and attractive about me, but in a day or two I shall be the pride of the garden, and have everybody come to see me and admire me. Do you not feel lonesome to have nothing but that hard fruit on your branches?"

"Well, Miss Rose, I will try to answer you; and I will in the first place mention I have been here some twenty years to your two; and again each one of those years has been blessed with great glory of blossom, and only this last May, while you were anything but lovely, I was enriched on every bough with perfume and beauty; and thirdly, as the minister says, these despised fruits are flowers turned into food, and by and by will be of excellent flavor and the delight of all who taste them."

"Oh, I crave your pardon, Mr. Apple-Tree; I naturally think of things as they look to me from my own point of view; I ought to try to put myself in the place of the one I criticise. To be sure I had, and I see you have a good deal to say for yourself that I should not have thought about. I am glad that you mentioned it,—it has done me much good, and I feel proper respect for you, now."

"That is all very well, Miss Rose; I am glad to see that you are open to conviction, and can be so sensible. When you first spoke, I wondered how people could make such a fuss about you, when all your recommendation was but show. I like to see the beautiful, and I am sure that pleasing the eye, you are as useful as I am with my fruit. You feed the soul, you inspire the mind, you bring good thoughts and true, and teach those who look at you how good the dear God is from whom we all come, and in whose circle of love we all live!"

Then the wind seemed happy, and pleasantly carried the good spirit of their talk to the other trees and flowers; and the sun smiled sweetly upon his children with his golden light as their benediction.

For Every Other Sunday.

OLD-WORLD PICTURES.

No. VII.—England and Scotland.

BY FANNIE A. TYLER.



ANOTHER week among the grand mountains and beautiful lakes of Switzerland; a few more days in Paris, doing much which had been left undone, crossing the English Channel with a lively recollection of its nauseating billows; and a ride into London over a road so elevated that we almost looked down upon the chimney-tops, and saw in the narrow streets men and women as pigmies walking.

We made our home in Trafalgar Square, so near to various objects of interest that a few minutes' walk would enable us to reach the National Gallery of paintings, the Houses of Parliament, Marlborough House, where the Prince and Princess of Wales reside, and, better than all, the glorious Westminster Abbey, which we often visited, studying the monuments and chapels, a few at a time, and wandering through its aisles, enjoying its beautiful Gothic arches and wonderful stained-glass windows, and appreciating to the fullest extent the privilege of visiting that world-renowned cathedral. In reverent thought we stood in the Poet's Corner, reading the familiar names and looking upon the faces, in sculptured marble, of those whose works live after them,—Milton's sweet, calm face; Shakspeare, with features full of expression; Southey and Dryden; Chaucer, Addison, and Campbell, some of whose sacred dust was lying under the great cold slabs our feet were treading. Then that quaintest of all epitaphs we saw: "O rare Ben Jonson." How much the few words told of him in whose memory they were written and assigned to this Holy of Holies in old Westminster! "I wish we had such a shrine, in which we could immortalize our blessed dead; I think we should always leave fresh flowers there."

Sunday came, and where should we attend service? for we had but one Sunday in London. The question was quickly decided. We would hear Spurgeon in the morning, and visit the Temple Church in the afternoon. We were told at our hotel that a mention to the usher at the Tabernacle that we were from America would secure to us the best seats in the house; and we found that the name of our dear country, which we proudly mentioned, acted like a charm; for we were escorted to one of the best pews, and were seated where Spurgeon could fire down his sentences at us if he were so disposed. But his talk was most sweet and fatherly, and left only the best impression upon our minds. The audience numbered seven thousand, the singing was congregational, and Spurgeon "deaconed" the hymns. To us the response was electrifying, but to his thinking the music dragged; so before reading the second verse he said, "Brighten up, brighten up, my friends; you sing as if you were all going to sleep."

The afternoon service at the Temple gave us exquisite music. The chanting by a choir of boys was inexpressibly beautiful. The seating of the audience was decidedly quakerish,—my husband being shown to a seat in the body of the church, while I was placed upon the side, in a more elevated position, and by an open window, through which I could see a little churchyard, and read the name of "Oliver Goldsmith" engraved upon a modest stone.

A day at Windsor, the favorite English home of Victoria, and beautiful as a dream. I can never forget that dull morning when we rode out of London into such pleasantness as we found, with blue skies, bright sunshine, a royal castle, a still more royally elegant chapel, where the Prince of Wales married Alexandra, and in whose vault royalty lies entombed,—the fine monuments, the



ASAHUSA TEMPLE, JAPAN.

knightly flags and symbols and costly decorations, all in keeping, and requiring at least a day properly to examine, but which must be passed over lightly, for the castle would require much time. We saw not a royal face anywhere; but for that we did not care. All over the royal farm we drove, and visited the royal dairy, which was accomplished solely because the gate-keeper was informed that we were Americans. Weary enough when our home at Morley's was reached; but it was a red-letter day for us, and we were willing to feel weary.

Visits to the Houses of Lords and Commons, old St. Paul's, and the Tower, so redolent of misery, occupied much of our time. A penny ride on the Thames, a visit to the National Gallery of paintings, and a call upon Madame Tussaud's wax figures, were the only enlivening features of London proper; but a day at the Crystal Palace in Sydenham brought us great pleasure and entertainment; and then we gladly sped on to Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford, — a beautiful farewell to old England.

Stratford was all Shakspeare to us, for we were in his home, his church, and by his burial-place. Kenilworth was graceful and picturesque, Warwick was grand and impressive; but we could give only one day to them all.

There can be found "handfuls of delight" everywhere, and surely we gathered them in full measure during our ride through Warwickshire, — the garden of England. Such freshness, such fields and trees and hedgerows, such a landscape of living green kept beautiful by the humid atmosphere! Not a blade of scorched grass, yet it was August. Cattle were cooling themselves in little patches of water, and ducks were fearlessly swimming around their feet, making a picture as pretty as one would care to see. But the train was all the while speeding on, out of this pleasantness, till at last — dull, homesick, dreary — Liverpool was reached, where we

remained for a day or two, and then onward to dear old Scotland, arriving at Edinburgh in the evening, too late to see anything but a bit of the blessed little moon, which we hope will be friendly to us during the rest of our journey.

Of course the first object of interest was the castle, so grand and full of mystery. We explored it pretty thoroughly, visiting among others the room once occupied by Mary Queen of Scots, and in which her baby boy, afterward James VI. of Scotland, was born. Old Holyrood was charming; and the roofless chapel, where Mary and Darnley were married, was most impressive. How many thoughts, like dreams of the long ago, crowd upon one while visiting such historic places! In Mary's chamber at Holyrood, we saw the little baby-basket given her by Elizabeth when James VI. was born; and I thought of the happy anticipations in Mary's heart, for she was a womanly queen, and motherhood must have been sweet to her.

Time was fleeting, and, leaving Edinburgh most reluctantly, we proceeded to Stirling, paying it but a hasty call, — visiting the castle and walking upon the battlements to find the "Lady's Look-Out," a peep-hole in the parapet-wall through which we could feast our eyes upon the exquisite view in the heart of bonnie Scotland. Five of the Bens among the Highland mountains were looking down upon twelve battlefields, where heroes had fallen by thousands; and all so peaceful and beautiful now under the sweet August sunshine!

On to Callander, where we were delightfully entertained both within and without our hotel, for our host was all that could be desired, and the picturesque landscape was more than perfect. Green pastures dressed in heather-bloom, the pretty winding river Teith, the happy little homes all sprinkled about, and glorious Ben Ledi looking down upon the peaceful scene illuminated by a royal sun-

set in purple and gold, — it was so complete and satisfying, just as I was sure Scotland would be.

Our ride through the Trossachs revived our memories of Scott, whose charming verse has made this especial portion of Scotland historic. On a pretty little steamer, called the Rob Roy, we enjoyed a delightful excursion on gentle Loch Katrine, slowly passing Ellen's Isle, and taking in, to our hearts' content, the exquisite, constantly changing pictures. At Stronachlachar, leaving the boat, we proceeded by coach to Inversnaid, and there awaited us the Roderick Dhu, another dainty little steamer, which conveyed us across Loch Lomond to Balloch. Lomond is the pride among Scottish lakes; but beautiful as it is, Katrine was more lovely to me. None of its islands were dainty as Ellen's Isle, that gem we had seen under the morning sunshine, sleeping upon the fair waters.

Glasgow has fine parks and public buildings, and a cathedral which many think ranks next to Westminster in purity of style. But we had something dearer than cathedrals in our hearts, and knew we must sacrifice the fine city

to a modest little town forty miles distant, because there was not sufficient time for both. We must see the home of Robert Burns; and we found in our visit to Ayr a beautiful ending to our brief but never-to-be-forgotten visit to Scotland, the country I have always yearned to see.

The home of Burns, — the modest little home in which he lived and died, — the banks and braes of bonnie Doon, which he so sweetly and tearfully sung; old Alloway Kirk in its pretty ruin, where he listened to prayer and praise; and the little churchyard where his parents were sleeping, — all these we were to see with our own eyes. No wonder that we allowed ourselves but one drive in Kelvin Grove, Glasgow's most beautiful park, and were ready to forego everything but a visit to the cathedral and Necropolis, — the wonderful cemetery which rises high behind it. Such an odd city of the dead, full of monuments and stones; and such small family lots, some of them no larger than a single grave, because it is the custom to inter a whole family in that one small place. I thought of my great-grandfather with his fifteen bairns, and wondered how near to the other hemisphere the first to pass on would have been laid down to sleep, to leave room for the others.

Ayr was more than satisfying, it was so redolent of the sweet poet. We stood in the room in which he was born, and looked from the windows through which he had looked. We saw, among other relics of the past, the Bible which he gave to Highland Mary when they parted for aye by the little brookside; and we saw the dear river, and heard the music of its waters as it flowed over the pebbles, and the song was all the while ringing in my ears, —

"How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

Never while I live can I love any of the dear memory of that day's outing. I cared not for the Scotch mist which was almost constantly falling, and made the parks and Necropolis look dreary after our return to Glasgow; for I felt that I had made a nearer and closer friend of Robert Burns than he had ever been before, and I had possessed myself of a joy which would live forever.



THE HOLY FAMILY.—RAPHAEL.

No artist excelled Raphael, not only in giving the Madonna and Christchild an outward loveliness and grace, but also in illuminating their faces with a spiritual beauty. It is said that whenever he represented the child Jesus and little Saint John together, he always endeavored to make the difference in age apparent, and to give to the Christchild a nobler and more refined beauty.

The little Jesus is handing Saint John a scroll or banner, on which is written, in Latin, "Behold the Lamb of God." Saint John is bending his head over it in surprise, and Saint Elizabeth looks up to Saint Joseph as if asking him to explain its meaning. Saint Joseph, leaning on his staff, and holding it with both hands, looks down with affectionate interest upon the mothers with their children. We have in this picture, as in Rubens' Holy Family, infancy, youth, maturity, age.

In the foreground are flowers and weeds. In the background is a village with towers, churches, and other buildings; and far off in the distance is a blue lake.

The drapery of the figures is described by those who have studied the picture carefully as very finely executed, the dress of the Madonna being red, "with the gloss and smoothness of a mirror." In the plaits of her hair a delicate veil is twisted. Saint Elizabeth has a red dress and blue mantle, with a white cloth about her head. Saint Joseph has a yellow mantle and green tunic.

When Raphael finished the picture, there were winged angels about the group, four on one side and three on the other; but when the painting was cleaned and restored, these angels were obliterated. That surely was suffering in the hands of would-be friends. It is said that there is an old copy of these angels in an art gallery at Florence.

Raphael made several studies for this painting, some of which are still in existence. One of these gives a back view of Saint Joseph. In all of the studies Saint Elizabeth appears much younger than in the final work; the idea of representing her with wrinkles and without teeth, although in harmony with the Bible story, evidently did not come to the artist until he began on the painting itself. In a large book in the public library at Boston, an interesting copy of this painting is given, with some of the studies through which it was developed. We have had in our art gallery four pictures by the great Raphael, the divine Raphael, as he was often called,—The Sistine Madonna, Madonna of the Chair, Madonna of the Fish, and Holy Family of the Casa Canigiani, but we have said little about the artist himself. He, like Rubens, lived under sunny skies. Into his short life of thirty-seven years, nearly every good gift one could desire was crowded; but his nature was so sweet, his devotion to his art so great, that he seems to have been unspoiled by good fortune. Apparently he did not need the struggles and sorrows that to some artists are necessary for the highest development of their powers.

GOLDEN WORDS.

Fair without, faithful
within.

Reason and virtue alone can bestow liberty.

SHAFTESBURY.

For Every Other Sunday.

MARION'S FRIENDS.

BY SUSANNA B. B. MERRIFIELD.

"GOOD MORNING, dear sun!" said our Marion bright, As she opened her eyes in the broad daylight.

"While I've been asleep and all has been still, You've been away, too, behind the big hill.

"Oh, I'm glad you have come, for now I can go And see my dear flowers that love me so! They've been asleep, too,—so my mamma told me,— Though how it is done, I can't, can't see.

"How can they go napping without any beds, Not shutting their eyes, or putting their heads On nice, soft pillows, as white as the snow? Do they say any prayers, I'd like to know?"

A blessing as pure as the sweet, early dawn Must have rested just there as the child passed along; For she spread out her arms as if to enfold In warmest embrace each blossom of gold.

"O dandelions, dear, are n't you glad I am here? And buttercups sweet, tell me true, did you fear I'd forget all about you through the dark night, And not love you at all, being out of my sight?"

She stopped a brief moment, and looked with dismay, To see how the lawn was dressed out for the day; For in place of each flower she left there last night, A dozen had found out their way to the light.

"O buttercups sweet! O dandelions, dear, Do talk, and tell me how you came to be here! You came in the night, I am sure it is so; But no, 't was all dark,—you could n't, you know!

"Oh, oh! did the sun let you down from the sky, When he got up this morning?—Oh, tell me, do try! And I want to know, too, had you any idea, As you came on the way, that I would be here?"

Then she kissed the dear flowers, again and again, And lay in the grass as if waiting for them To give up their tale to her listening ear, The wondrous key to their mystery here.

Dost know, little one, how well you express, In your simple child-prattle, what I, too, confess? That I wait in the "love that casteth out fear," For whispers of Truth to make vision more clear?

INTELLIGENCE IN COWS.

THE other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by the pleading looks, I bethought myself that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with great eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand.

In about half an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows.

The water-tip was again called into requisition, and the new-comers were in like manner served liberally. Then with gratified and repeated "boo-oo's"—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasturage.

It was quite clear to us that the first two callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions, and had informed them—how, I cannot say, can you?—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Every Other Sunday.

FAMOUS MADONNAS.

IX.—*The Holy Family (Raphael).*

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

THE picture we have to-day has a long name, "The Holy Family of the Casa Canigiani." Like many other old paintings, it has had a checkered career; and like many people, it has suffered from the zeal of its friends.

Raphael painted it for Domenico Canigiani, a citizen of Florence, which explains its name. After a time it became the property of the Medici family, and was a wedding present when Anna di Medici, daughter of the Grand Duke Cosmo III., was married to Count Palatine of the Rhine, John William. This led to its journey to Dusseldorf. It is now in the Gallery at Munich.

This Holy Family is not so large as many of the old pictures. It is probably about as high as some of my young readers are tall, and its width is not quite as great as its height. If the copy we have were larger and clearer, we might see Raphael's name on the bosom of the Madonna's dress.

The figures represented are the same as those chosen by Rubens, whose Holy Family is another picture of our art gallery,—the Madonna and Christchild, Saint Elizabeth and the little Saint John, and Saint Joseph. They form a pyramidal group, which seems to have been an arrangement much admired in the old days when Raphael lived. Mary and Saint Elizabeth are half kneeling, and Saint Joseph stands on a little higher ground behind them. This gives the effect of the pyramid.

The Madonna has one hand about the Christchild; with the other she is holding a book, her forefinger being between the leaves.

Some one studying this picture fancies that the Madonna was holding the little Jesus in her lap, and reading at the same time, when she looked up and saw her cousin, Saint Elizabeth, approaching with the little Saint John, and so partly closed her book and put her child upon the ground.

For Every Other Sunday.

A VACATION CHILD.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

Oh, yes! she still is going to school,
This little maid of mine;
Her sunny locks, they toss and curl,
For she is only nine;
Her eyes are like the still brown pools,
O'er golden sands that shine.

Her schoolroom is the outside world,
One grand, great picture-book,
Where fairy figures may be seen,
If one will only look,
In any flower-embroidered field,
Or ferny-haunted nook.

Dame Nature is the mistress wise;
And wondrous lessons she
Can teach from every star that shines,
From flower and bird and bee,
The music of the whispering pine,
The anthem of the sea.

She listens to each low, sweet word
From sky or ocean wild;
My little girl obedient learns
Each lesson wise and mild.
And blessings on the bonnie maid,
Dame Nature's loving child!

For Every Other Sunday.

A YOUNG AMERICAN.

For Fourth of July.

BY AUNTIE BETH.



DOWN the walk raced Neddie,
Trip barking at his heels.
His blue sailor-suit of light
flannel looked very com-
fortable, and his plump,
well-fed little body helped
one to believe that the lit-
tle fellow received excellent
care. Mid-way down the clean
garden path on the edge of the
lawn, a small flag of red, white,
and blue stood bravely erect.

"Salute now, Trip!" cried Neddie, pausing before
the flag. "Salute, I tell you."

Trip, with ears standing straight as little excla-
mation points, and his bright eyes shining like big
glass beads, tried hard to understand what his little
master meant.

"Oh, you need n't stand there just a-wagging your
tail and hoppin' about like a squirrel," cried Neddie,
"go put your paw up against the side o' your head,
and then wave it down again,—here, I'll show
you."

Down on his knees went Neddie, and catching
hold of Trip's delicate right forepaw he pushed it
up against the little dog's head. Trip yapped, and
tried to get away. "No, you don't," Neddie said,
getting rather red in the face, and he tried again to
make Trip hold up his paw, soldier-fashion.

But the poor little fellow, of course, could n't
understand what it was Neddie wanted, and so
struggled hard, trying to get away. It was a great
pity that so well-trained a boy should do what
Neddie did. His face grew redder than ever, he
foolishly lost his temper entirely, and holding
Trip tight with one hand cuffed and cuffed the
straight little ears with the other, then very roughly
thrust him away, so that for a moment the nimble
little legs slid sideways and Trip rolled along the
even walk.

"Get away, you little Dutchy," Neddie ex-
claimed, as Trip yapped again, then ran off with
his slender little tail between his legs.

Not for anything would Neddie have had his
kind yet decided papa see what he had just done,
and he forgot all about the good loving Father in

Heaven who cares not only for little boys and girls,
but for little dogs, too, and even the tiny sparrows.

But Papa Wyman did see the whole perform-
ance. He was behind the great syringa bush, cut-
ting a few blossoms, when Neddie went bounding
over the walk; and if his boy could do so cruel and
naughty a thing, he was very thankful to have
found it out.

Two days more, and then would come the Fourth
of July, the grandest holiday in some respects of
all the year for young American lads, the time
when mamma tries to pretend she has no nerves;
allows the dreadful din of a noisy drum, the snap of
torpedoes, and the crack of a pop-gun to go on all
day even near the house, and does n't say a word.

Susie was to have a lot of fire-crackers, and had
promised to march all around the garden, to toot
a make-believe fife, and do her best to "keep step"
to the rolling of Neddie's drum. There was but
one thing wanting, to Neddie's eyes, to make up
the complete glory of the day.

In Mr. Balsom's store was such a sword! The
handle looked like pure gold. The blade of shining
steel looked as though it could cut Nicodemus's
head off. And Nicodemus was the great farm
horse that could drag a pretty good load of hay all
by himself.

It seemed as if Neddie could talk of nothing else.
All dinner time he kept asking his mamma if she
thought papa would buy him that lovely sword.

"I'm afraid it might hurt somebody," said little
Susie.

"Ho, girls are most always 'fraid o' such things,"
said Neddie, in a very mannish voice; "but its
awful smart to go paradin' 'long with a sword
draggin' in the dust at your heels."

"Do you let it drag," exclaimed Susie.

"Why, certain; soldiers always do," replied
Neddie, with a very knowing air.

Grandma asked how much such a sword would
cost, and Neddie said he did n't know, but he
guessed not more than five dollars, perhaps.

Grandma said soberly she should think that was
a pretty large sum for a boy's sword. But Neddie
replied, with his mouth full of pudding, that it
would be cheap, he thought, "for a sword of that
quality."

At supper that night Neddie asked his papa first
thing if he would please, please, buy him the beau-
tiful sword he had seen at Balsom's that morning.

"Buy you a sword!" said Papa Wyman, looking
Neddie soberly in the face; "no, indeed; not for
anything. I should be afraid to."

What did he mean? Neddie would have laughed,
only that there was something or other in his papa's
voice that he did n't quite understand. After sup-
per Neddie gathered up courage and asked with a
little laugh,—

"What makes you afraid to get me a sword,
papa? I want it dret'fly, and it's a beauty."

"But suppose you were playing soldier," asked
his papa with a very sober face, "and one of your
men disobeyed you. Oh, no; I'm sorry to say I
know my little son is n't to be trusted with a sword;
not until he learns how to govern his own temper."

"But I've never had one, yet," pleaded Neddie.

"Very fortunate you have n't, too, my boy."

Neddie just at that moment was standing in the
porch beside his father, no one else in hearing, and
all at once his papa turned to him and said in a low
voice,—

"Why, Neddie, what do you suppose would have
become of our poor little Trip this morning if you
had had a sword at your side when the little dog
refused to salute the flag?"

Down went Neddie's head, and not another word
had the little boy to say. To think, "of all things,"
as grandma would say, that Papa Wyman knew
about that affair,—perhaps had actually seen him
cuff obedient little Trip, and push him over, and call
him "Dutchy," his own little native-born doggie.

When Neddie jammed a small brown fist into one
eye, and made a choking noise as if a sob would
come, his papa took hold of the other hand and led
him out down the garden path. He stopped when
they reached the brave little flag still standing
proudly erect just at the edge of the lawn.

"My little son," began his father, speaking very
kindly, "do you know what it means to be worthy
of living under that flag, and to be worthy of hav-
ing been born under it? I'm afraid not. What I
saw this morning, and something I heard you say,
makes me think you don't quite understand the
best meaning of being a young American. I've
been thinking of it all day. At first I was sur-
prised and grieved. Then I thought that if I once
explained these things a little, and just at this time,
it might do a great deal of good. But you are
rather a little fellow, so my lesson will be quite a
short one."

Neddie always enjoyed having his great tall papa
talk with him; and as he spoke so gently and did n't
seem the least bit angry, the little lad began to feel
the old pleasure in hearing his voice.

"Did it ever occur to you, Neddie, that even a
little dog has his rights? Whenever you tell Trip
to do anything that he understands, how swiftly he
will do it! My, his little legs twinkle like rush-
lights, he scampers so fast to pick up the stick you
throw." Neddie giggled. "And one day last fall
when you bade him jump into the pond, his eyes
looked worried because he knew how cold it was,
yet in he plunged. Perhaps you remember how he
trembled and shivered when he came out."

Neddie did remember, and looked very sober.

"Now, one of the most solemn duties of any one
living under this noble flag is to respect the rights
of others. Of course this generally means we
should feel and respect the rights of other people.
But I think a good man or a good boy should feel
and respect the rights of every one of God's crea-
tures. And even a nice little dog who does his best
should be treated with kindness. Oh, yes; I felt
very badly when I saw my boy strike his dog, right
under our dear flag, because he didn't do a thing
he did n't have the least idea how to."

Neddie was digging the toe of one pretty tennis-
shoe into the white gravel. "Papa, I'm awful
sorry," he said.

"I wonder," papa went on, "what made you call
Trip 'Dutchy.' If you think a Dutchman, or a
German, or a native of almost any foreign country
is generally stupid or backward in taking things in,
I want my boy to take my word for it, he is very
greatly mistaken. Calling names is something
I specially dislike and disapprove. No gentleman
will lower himself by calling names. No American
man or boy should ever take the name of another
nation in a way to express contempt. I have sev-
eral German friends among my acquaintance; I
suppose some people might call them Dutchmen,
I only wish my son Neddie might grow up with
even a goodly portion of their wisdom, their knowl-
edge of books, their real sweetness of nature."

"Now, I shall entirely forgive you, so far as my
forgiveness is needed, what I saw this morning.
Good-tempered little Trip has surely forgiven you,
too, because he tripped about you as lovingly as
ever, I noticed this evening. But because I want
you when the Fourth comes to remember this little
lesson as to what should be expected of a true
American boy, I do not think best to get the sword
you ask for. But you and Susie and Willie Marks
can parade without it. Trip will follow up the
rear; and Bridget, I hear, is to make cakes and
lemonade. So I think you will have a fine Inde-
pendence Day this year, even without the sword I
can hardly trust you with yet."

Neddie had been wisely trained, and so knew it
would make no difference if he cried his little soul
sick or teased all night; Papa Wyman would not
buy that sword, so he might as well make the

best of it, and do without. But it was hard, — harder than he expected it would be. At dinner next day, grandma asked if he was to have the wonderful sword for the next day's march, and Neddie, with a side-long look of sorrow, which grandma took for one of great disappointment, said simply, "No, gran'ma, papa does n't think it's best."

Kind old grandma thought perhaps it cost too much, and so said no more. Just before supper Neddie stole around to have a parting look at the beautiful sword in Mr. Balsom's window, but it was gone. "Some other lucky chap has got it," said Neddie, with a tremendous sigh.

When the Fourth dawned, warm, sunny, and sweet, Neddie formed his tiny company of himself as captain and leader; Willie Marks, his little chum from across the road; Susie in a pretty little "fatigue cap," and Trip, gorgeous with a smart knot of red, white, and blue ribbons in his collar. Willie was color-bearer, and held the flag stoutly aloft.

"Here," called grandma, just as they were starting out, "let me fasten your sash, Neddie." The boy thought his blouse sash was all right, but tried to be patient while grandma fixed it in some way behind and along the side. "There," she said at last. But as Neddie sprang into the hall something clanged and dragged after him; and if there was n't that lovely sword, all buckled somehow into his broad silk belt.

What should he do, "Grandma has gone and bought it because she just thought papa didn't want to pay so much," he thought.

Well, there was but one thing to do. Papa was in the library; lie must go at once and offer to take off that precious, shining sword. And into the library he marched, told the whole story, and added with the most anxious little face in the whole country: "Here, papa, you can take it off."

Papa saw just how it was, and thought a moment. Meantime Neddie's soldierly little breast was puffing out in a way to make papa think he'd better say what he had to say pretty quickly, or his own voice might tremble, —

"My dear little son," he began, "you've done, perhaps, without knowing it, what is always the hardest thing for a soldier to do, — offered to give up your sword. I should n't have given it to you, as you know; but as grandma, without knowing my true reason for refusing, has kindly fastened it at your side, suppose I allow it to stay there; do you think every object that comes near you will be perfectly safe?"

"Oh, awful safe, papa," cried Neddie. And rushing forward, and hugging his papa with all his might, he promised never, never, to be cruel to one of God's creatures again.

When the company stopped to salute the flag as they marched along, grandma said to Papa and Mamma Wyman, —

"Do, dear, see that kind little Neddie-boy; he's holding Trip in his arms while they salute the flag, and I do believe he's talking to him about it. He's just the child to have a brave, new sword."

THE LAND OF NOD.

COME, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry and flurry and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,
Your hands like the leaves of a rose,
And we will go sailing to those fair lands,
That never an atlas shows.
On the north and the west they are bounded by rest,
On the south and the east by dreams;
'T is the country ideal where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Selected.

Liberty knows nothing but victories. Soldiers call Bunker Hill a defeat; but liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

For Every Other Sunday.

HIS MITTENS.

BY RAYMAH DOWSE.

IT was a cold, snowy night before Christmas. The air was crisp and sharp; the people hurrying by seemed to care little for the snow which was coming down very fast; the panes of the brilliantly lighted shop windows were freezing over.

Every one seemed to have errands, and none had time to spare. The streets were noisy, but above all the din could be heard the cheerful tune of "Maggie Murphy's Home," whistled by a strong, sturdy fellow of fifteen. He walked along leisurely, keeping time to the popular air by drumming on the glass as he gazed into some of the great store windows, attractively decorated with a thousand and one things for the happy season. He looked earnestly; one seeing his face only might have thought him lord of the land and unable to decide which of the articles he intended to buy.

The truth was he had sixty-nine cents. They were his own; he had earned them. That very morning he had possessed four dollars and nineteen cents, a large sum for this boy, Charlie, to have at one time. But mother needed a new black dress very much, and he did so want to give her a real beautiful Christmas present, — that dear hard-working mother of his, — so that forenoon he walked boldly into the leading dry-goods store, straight to the bargain-counter crowded with customers, and asked, when his turn came, to see a nice plain black goods, neat and warm. The clerk had time to smile, even there in the crowded hurry of the day before Christmas, at the earnest perplexed look in his customer's boyish face.

Charlie found it hard work to slip into the house unseen with his brown paper bundle, but it gave him great pleasure to stow it away in a hiding-place ready for Christmas morning.

He seldom carried a secret, and it gave him a feeling of self-conscious pride to be able to keep this one. With no brothers or sisters, and living alone with his mother in a tenement house, he loved that mother dearly, always working hard to add his small earnings to hers. The click of her sewing-machine was cheerful music on the cold winter nights. There was a small fire, which sent out enough light for Charlie, who would sit near, sometimes studying lessons, which he had no opportunity of learning at school; at other times reading aloud to his mother some bright little sketch of gay life, or even pulling bastings to save her tired hands.

Charlie was very happy to-night with his sixty-nine cents in his pocket. His cold hands were there, also, to keep them warm; he really felt as if he ought to treat himself to a good pair of mittens, and his hands seemed to grow colder as the desire became stronger. He might get a suitable pair, he thought, for fifty cents, and have the rest for candy.

Now he stood looking in upon the glories of a toy store; all kinds of things invented to make life happier for the little folks. It was brilliantly lighted, and after gazing for some time it was hard to see well in the darkness as he turned to go away.

He had not perceived a small form that was standing beside him, but as he moved away he could not help hearing a quick, stifled sigh. He looked with surprise at the slight figure of this little girl. Her face was very close to the pane, so that he could not see it well. Her clothing was threadbare; she was evidently a poor city waif.

He stood for a moment or two watching her; there was something very pitiful about the forlorn

little thing alone there in the cold night air and the flying snow. She seemed too tender and delicate to be exposed to the winds, and pushed and jostled about by the crowd.

After a while he murmured something about "there being so many just like her," and walked on to buy his mittens.

He saw many things to attract his attention, but now he did not whistle "Maggie Murphy," and he seemed to be thinking.

Presently he turned about and walked back to the toy-store, there was a resolute look on his face.

Yes, the little shivering child was still there. He crept quietly up to his old place. At last he said to her, "If you could have anything there, what would you choose?" A very dangerous question for a boy with only sixty-nine cents to ask.

She looked up into his young, boyish face with an air of resentment at first. She hesitated, as if to see if he was making fun of her; and then, apparently liking his honest countenance, answered, —

"If you please, boy, I'd rather have that checker game. Me and father lives together, and he often tells how his father used to play long ago. We never had one, but I know that's the kind; he s'plained to me all about it."

It was a soft, sweet little voice that said it.

There was a card on the pasteboard checker game in question marked fifty cents. Charlie winced a little as he saw it, — just the price of his mittens.

But he turned quickly to the little girl, and asking her to wait, ran into the store. With the money left after buying the gaudy game he purchased a small china doll, and hurried out with his bundle. Putting it into the child's arms he wished her a "Merry Christmas."

"Oh, we will be so happy to-morrow, and he'll be sure there's a Santa Claus, now. He said to-day he guessed he'd 'bout given him up for bringing things to us."

Charlie walked fast now, and "Maggie Murphy" rang out even clearer than before on the frosty air.

Oh, how happy he felt when he got home and opened the door; there was mother, supper on the table, and the little fire brightly burning.

As he walked up to the crackling wood and stood warming his hands before it, he could not help seeing his mother as she tried to hide away something which she had evidently just finished knitting, — mittens, sure enough!

They had such a pleasant evening together! The sewing-machine rested; and the mother and son, as they sat in the firelight side by side, felt that they had many, many blessings for which to be thankful.

Liberty consists in the power of doing that which is permitted by the law.

CICERO.

For Every Other Sunday.

LIFE.

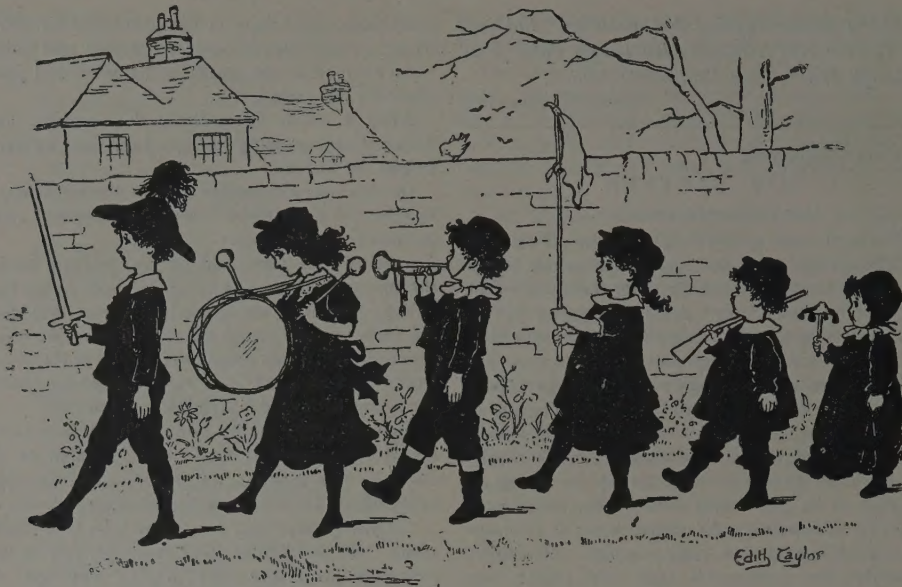
BY ELLIS MARSH.

SOME say that life is one long strife,
And some a rushing river;
Some say it is a battlefield
O'er which peace broodeth never.

Some say it is a thorny road,
And some a stormy ocean,
Where "winds of fate" and "waves of grief"
Mingle in wild commotion.

But I would rather liken it
Unto a mountain high,
Whose rugged cliffs and lofty peaks
Reach up to meet the sky.

And they who, stout of heart and true,
Climb to the summit grand,
May gaze with wonder and delight,
Into the promised land.



FOURTH OF JULY PARADE.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

In a mild way, this number marks the Fourth of July, so near at hand. May our young readers find their patriotism quickened by the thoughts and exercises of our Independence Day.

The last article and picture in the Madonna Series appear in this issue. As announced before, the next volume will contain pictures and articles on "Famous Portraits of Children."

Also in this number, Mrs. Tyler finishes her journeyings in the old world. Many of the young people will regret that they have come to the end of these interesting descriptions.

The pen of the Editor will be laid down for a little while. The usual vacation for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY has arrived. We trust that our readers feel as reluctant to end as do we. But the interval will be very short, and then all things begin again. May happy days and wholesome recreation be a part of the life of all our readers this summer; by shore or amid the mountains.

It is the intention of the Editor to maintain for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY the standard which has been set up. Several new features will be introduced during the coming months, while the old contributors in the main will still give of their best. The Editor has always tried to keep his young readers in frank and friendly touch with him, and in this spirit, he asks for any suggestions before the new volume begins. He will welcome any hints tending to make the variety or general character of the paper better.

OUTLOOK.

We have received through the kind remembrance of ministers and superintendents many reports as to the condition of Sunday Schools scattered over the country. They all represent an encouraging aspect of affairs. We wish that we had space to give the figures and special information contained in these statements. We can only thank those good friends who have remembered the Editor, and kept him supplied with valuable information. It is only now and then that we hear of a school which declines, or closes; particular reasons exist in every case. The tendency is upward, and the interest is increasing, all through Sunday-School methods and principles.

LETTER-BOX.

In closing the Letter-Box for Volume IX., we wish to thank all those most heartily who have sent in contributions of any kind. This department of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is really very interesting to the boys and girls, as we have found proof in many ways. We hope in the next volume to have material of one kind and another different from that which forms the chief part. To this end, we earnestly invite our young readers to send in some bright and ingenious contributions. It usually takes some time for the Letter-Box to fill up after the volume begins; but we hope that during the summer leisure there will be some busy minds preparing and sending to us sufficient material to start in full and satisfactory fashion.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — Enclosed please find answers to Enigmas XXXIV. and XXXV. I enjoy reading the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY and working out the enigmas very much. I go to Sunday School here, and last Sunday our school went to Brooklyn to the meeting of all the Sunday Schools near by. It is the first time there has been a union service of the Unitarian Sunday Schools here.

Yours truly, DOROTHEA WELLS.

ALTOONA, WIS.

DEAR EDITOR, — I get your paper, EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, at our Sunday School in Eau Claire. Two of my sisters and I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in the forenoon, and papa and mamma and my other two sisters go to church in the evening. Why I speak of my sisters is to signify that I have a good many of them, — and, indeed, I have six. I have never written to you before, so I thought I would send you a few lines of my poor writing. I enjoy the paper very much, and will send you some answers to puzzles.

Yours truly, LORENE HAZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR, — I am a scholar of the Unitarian Sunday School, and I read the stories and try the puzzles very often. I have solved the "Geographical Pi" on my way home from Sunday School. "Old Glory," in No. 19, I will cut out and put in my scrap-book, which is not one of pictures, but newspaper clippings and poems and war songs. I agree with you that there is no better gift than true patriotism.

I am your constant reader, C. W. DALL.

FRANKLIN, ME.

DEAR EDITOR OF EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — I have taken your little paper as long as I can remember. My sisters have taken it ever since it was called the

"Dayspring." I like it very much, and send a puzzle that I would like to see in print.

Yours truly, KATIE M. BUNKER.

MONTPELIER, VT.

DEAR EDITOR, — I have read several numbers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and like them very much. I send the answers to the puzzles in No. 19, and also a pi puzzle which I hope you will think worth publishing.

Yours respectfully, R. W. W.

[The answers were correct.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

Charade XI. Cape-err-Nahum (Capernaum).

Anagram. The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows.

Enigma XXXVIII. The Village Blacksmith.

Enigma XXXIX. Benjamin Franklin.

Buried Cities. St. Louis, Annapolis, Bath, Raleigh, Woburn, Salem.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society sends out its appeal for contributions to its treasury. The financial year ends October first. Is there anything more important than the religious and moral education of the young people? To help on this great work money is needed. We wish that every church or Sunday School in our denomination would send in some donation according to its means.

The first number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY for Volume X. will bear the date of September 9. The publication is now suspended, according to regular usage, for the months of July and August.

A new set of leaflet lessons will be issued next year by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, on the Life and Teachings of Jesus, with preliminary lessons covering the time from the Prophets to the advent of Christianity. The first four lessons will be ready in September.

The Annual Meeting of the Sunday-School Society will be held at Newport, Rhode Island, some time in October, with the Channing Memorial Church, Rev. George W. Cutter, pastor.

The Fourth Series of "Questions for Bible Study," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, will be issued in the autumn. The contents of this new manual will consist of biographies of the men and women of the Bible best worth remembering.

The new Song and Service Book is in course of preparation, and it is hoped that the publication of it will be possible by October or November.

The Lessons on the Old Testament, Advanced and Intermediate, which have appeared in leaflet form during the past school year, will be issued in a complete volume, forming a most valuable manual. Copies ready for sale in September.

Rev. W. W. Fenn's Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles, which have appeared in leaflet form, will also be published at the same time with the preceding in a tasteful form.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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